

A TRIP TO FORT SUMNER, AND THE DOOMED CITY.

BROOKLYN, April 30th, 1864. "Yonder is old Sumner!" exclaimed one of our passengers. "Is that Fort Sumter?" we inquired. "That dark mound rising out of the water, with a few tall spires in the dim distance beyond it? Yes; sure enough, it was the old historic spot—the bourn of our pilgrimage—and my heart was in my mouth in an instant. The pilot of our good steamer 'Oceanus' turned the bow in towards the bar at six o'clock (of Thursday, the 13th), and we sped away towards the cradle of the rebellion. It is at once its cradle and its grave.

By sunset we were passing slowly in beside Morris Island, a low stretch of sand. Our ship's company stand silent on the upper deck as we pass Fort Wagner, beneath which lies buried the gallant Shaw. We all uncover our heads to his memory. Just ahead is Sumner—brown, battered, silent, lonely, in the quiet waves. Its broken walls are scarred hideously. Around it on its narrow beach lies a stratum of balls and broken iron several inches deep. No colors wave on its tall staff. As our steamer passes beneath its ruined walls, our hundred passengers strike up a melody, and on the still evening air the glorious melody, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The sailors on a gale and two monitors take up the strain, and the maining the yards pour forth a thundering cheer. As we thread our way through the lofty fœt; we call out from the pilot-house, "General Lee has surrendered!" Then you should have heard them shout! Our hand strikes up; other hands catch the infection, and Charleston harbor rings with the "Star-Spangled Banner" and "Rally round the flag."

At nine o'clock I went ashore with Col. H. Saxton to call on Gen. Saxton. The streets were in gloomy darkness; Pompeii is not so dark as this. No gas works are to be seen, and no lucky man has yet found a greenback in the doornut. We groped along over broken pavements, and past houses where the horrid rats of the shell had torn through the fronts, or laid half the roof open to the sky. We found Gen. Saxton quartered on the "Battery," Charleston's fashionable promenade, in the deserted mansion of Charles Allston. The air of the courtyard was loaded with the fragrance of roses and the mock orange; but the mansion was stripped from garret to cellar. The Desassures mansion near by, once the most aristocratic abode in Charleston, is a shattered ruin, with the marble mantels lying in broken fragments on the parlor and the bed-room floors. Nearly all the mansions in this once proud part of the gilded city are windowless; many of them roofless. Except a few negroes who have nestled in the deserted chambers, they are tenantless. A few of the slaveholding aristocracy have come back, and taken reluctantly the oath of allegiance to save the remnant of their property. Gen. Saxton says that these once arrogant lords of the lash are now the most abject and cringing whipped spaniels of the new master. With the exception of a few blockade-running speculators, who sent their profits abroad for investment, the merchants and planters of Charleston are hopelessly bankrupt. We saw the cashier of the Bank of Charleston come up to the Commissary's door, and receive his pittance of bread and rice for his daily food, just as the refugee negroes were doing a few doors off! We went through Secretary Memminger's deserted and once splendid mansion; the remaining contraband in the desolate house told us, "Massa Memminger sent his money over to Europe; he is up in North Carolina; he is rich to-day." A gentleman in Charleston says that he saw on the books of a bank in Havana the sum of \$100,000 in debt credited to Jefferson Davis! Governor Aiken told me that if this were so, it must be the gift of friends; for, said he, "Mr. Davis spent all his salary, and is considered poor." Not only is the Charleston aristocracy bankrupt, but most of them are dead! Gov. Aiken said sadly enough, "Our most wealthy young men enlisted—many of them as privates; they are nearly all dead or in prison. South Carolina has among her whites nobody left but old men and little boys!" Truly, the iron has entered into Charleston's proud soul, and she is the most blasted city in the world. Her hearted desolation is in the air of this continent. Her cup of misery is filled to the brim; I could not exist over her woe-worn wretchedness, although I felt that it was not one whit more than her stupendous sin has richly deserved. She has lived on the spoils of her plundered bondmen; now her turn has come for the bondman to dwell in the deserted places of the slaveocrat. Robert Small, the famous negro captain of the steambot Planter, (who now has a salary of \$1,800 as her commander), is able to give bread to half the bank-presidents and brokers of Broad street.

My dear brother, you cannot conceive of the former desolation of Charleston. Just imagine all the banks in Wall street, with their doors and windows down; their fronts burst through with shells; their floors covered knee-deep with scattered bank-books, checks and drafts; and the street in front grown with grass and weeds among the shattered pavements, and you have a fair picture of Broad street and East Bay street, the two commercial thoroughfares of the Palmetto City! The "Secession Hall" in Meeting street, in which the original act of separation was passed, is a charred ruin, hardly one brick left upon another. In St. Michael's church, a shell broke the shell of the pulpit and broke the Communion-tables which were graven on tablets of stone. The discriminating missile of death spared the three commandments, "Thou shalt not steal—thou shalt not kill—thou shalt not commit adultery." These were the very precepts that Charleston needed most. In fact, the shells seemed to have a special spite against the churches; and many of those sanctuaries in which the Gospel of Christ was tortured into a defence of oppression are now left untenanted desolate.

towards the sky, did they not hear our shout to Charleston wharves? Anderson and Gilmore pulled out—then the type came along to our part of the platform, where a dozen of us held a will? "Was not that a good pull for John Bull?" said George Thompson to me as he gave a hearty surge at the rope. When the flag reached the apex, the whole bay thundered with such a volley of cannon from ship and shore, that one might imagine the old battle of the Monitors renewed again. They grasped hands, shouted, embraced, and went for joy. For in the rainbow of those stripes and stars we read the covenant that the degree of blood was shed upon this earth, and that the day of blood was ended. I close this hurried letter, let me state that in company with Messrs. Beecher and George Thompson, I had a full, frank interview with Governor Aiken. He received us cordially. We found him opposed alike to secession and to Lincoln's emancipation act; he considers the war ended, and the Confederacy collapsed, as does every Southerner I saw. But he thinks that the pacification and permanent reconstruction of the Union will depend upon two things, viz: the temper of the Northern people and the character of the men sent South to reorganize the chaos. Mr. Aiken, carried to him that was the South's only hope, the old Constitution again as their code, and bowed to its anti-slavery amendment in true loyalty, there was hardly anything that the North would not grant. But he added, we may insist on "making an example of some of the leaders in treason." Gov. Aiken is a courteous, kind-hearted gentleman of the old school, but lacks both the brains and the back-bone for a leader in the work of regenerating his native South Carolina. Seven thousand Charlestonians have taken the oath-filing obstinate traitors, in bitterest uniform, still sit in the old jail with clenched teeth, swearing that they will die before they will wear their idolized Union and Disunion. Those fifteen fools are all that remain visible of the vast concourse of jubilant revellers who with demonic joy tore down the Republic's ensign four years ago. Its fall was hailed with a carnival of champagne and songs, and reckless revelries. That sacred flag was restored amid such solemn services of prayer and praise that the scene in Sumner may well be styled the grandest religious ceremonial of our time.

Thine ever, T. L. C. New York Evangelist.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON MR. COBDEN.

Professor Goldwin Smith writes to the Boston Advertiser a warm panegyric upon Mr. Cobden. He says:

"The goodness of Cobden's heart and the purity of his motives made him not only influential but popular in the House of Commons, with all except the most violent fanatics of the Tory party. His eloquence, simple, clear, earnest and genial, flowed from his character as a stream from its source. He never composed his speeches, but trusted to the words would not be wanting to a full mind and a glowing heart. The most peculiar of his intellectual gifts was the perfect simplicity of view, which is likewise characteristic of Adam Smith and of all great economists. He saw things exactly as they were. His modesty in his speeches, writings and conversation equalled his strength of conviction. His conversation, which was charming, and his letters (a selection of which would be most delightful and instructive) advanced his principles almost as much as his public speaking. With him there was no affectation of those with whom he held intercourse could fail to venerate, none could fail to love him. He possessed, above all men, the talisman which wins hearts. Johnson said of Burke, that a stranger could not stand by his side for a moment to take shelter from the rain, without discovering that he was a remarkable man. Five minutes' conversation made you feel that Cobden was a good man.

Judged merely by his public speeches, he might have seemed a man of a single subject, or of a limited class of subjects. But his modesty led him to confine himself in public to questions with which he was specially familiar, and to pay an almost exclusive reference to the special knowledge of others on topics to which they had given more attention. Though his education had been limited, he had enlarged his culture as he rose in life, and could talk with interest and intelligence on any theme. This 'cotton spinner' was not without a heart for beauty. 'There are two sublimities,' he said, 'in nature; one of rest, the other of motion—the distant Alps and Niagara.' Whatever there may be sordid in commercial pursuits, it had not touched his nature. No man ever showed more contempt for the pretensions of hoarded wealth. 'That man,' he exclaimed, speaking of a covetous and dictatorial millionaire, 'talks as if his words were shot with sovereigns; and yet it is not money that deserves respect, but a generous use of it.'

THE PEOPLE'S DUTY.

The following from Hon. George Bancroft's address, commemorative of President Lincoln, comprising, as it does, a significant allusion to Gen. Sherman's blunder, will be read with interest: "The removal of the cause of the rebellion not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it true reconciliation, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition. Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of to-day. And let no lover of his country say that this warning is unreal for the cry is delusive that slavery is dead. Even now it is serving itself for a fresh stratagem. South walk to us the sad intelligence that a man, who had surrounded himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a week ago was named with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of his country and the ablest generals of all time, has usurped more than the whole power of the executive, and under the name of peace has revived slavery, and given a name to the Rio Grande. Why could he not refrain from the dying struggle, never to be repeated, the sword but for self-defence of the rights of his country, and when drawn, never to sheath it till his work should be accomplished? And yet from this bad act, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow on his own face. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignificance before the restless movements in the history of man. No one can turn back or stay the march of Providence. No sentiment of despair may mix with our sorrow. We owe it to the memory of the dead to owe it to the same to the popular liberty throughout the world, that the sudden crime which has taken the life of the President of the United States shall not produce the least impediment in the smooth course of public affairs."

The Liberator.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, MAY 5, 1865.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Thirty-Second Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the city of New York, on Tuesday, May 9th, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

The Executive Committee urge upon all the members of the Society a prompt attendance at this meeting. The questions to come before it are of the great importance. Some members of the Committee propose, in view of the almost certain ratification of the Anti-Slavery Amendment of the United States Constitution, to dissolve the Society at this annual meeting; while others would postpone such dissolution until the ratification of that Amendment is officially proclaimed; and others, still, advocate continuing the Society's existence until all the civil rights of the negro are secured.

Besides this, whichever of these views receives the sanction of the Society, there is the further question whether the Standard shall be continued. On these and other accounts, our deliberations will be most interesting and important, and ought to assemble all the members and earnest friends of the Society.

The speakers on Tuesday morning will be WENDELL PHILLIPS, GEORGE THOMPSON, WM. LLOYD GARRISON, and Mrs. FRANCES E. HARPER. The Society will meet for business on Tuesday afternoon, at 3 1/2 o'clock, and probably, also, Wednesday forenoon and afternoon, in the Vestry of the Church.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President. WENDELL PHILLIPS, Secretary. C. C. BURBANK, Treasurer.

A NEW-BORN ZEAL—WHAT MEANS IT?

We have already briefly given our reasons why we believe the time has come for the dissolution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, as a matter of good sense and self-respect; and, therefore, we shall not only advocate that measure at the approaching anniversary of the Society in New York, but terminate our connection with it on that occasion. In this judgment we are sustained by the almost unanimous conviction of the present Executive Committee of the Society; and we shall take it for granted that those who have been entrusted for so many years with the management of the affairs of the Society, and whose sagacity and wisdom have never yet been impugned or questioned, fairly represent the feelings of those who are entitled to vote upon the question,—at least, until their decision is made to the contrary. We are none the less satisfied that our judgment is a sensible one from the ludicrous new-born zeal for the continuance of the Society manifested by those who have hitherto not only stood aloof from it—not only been indifferent to its existence—but who have on various occasions expressed themselves contemptuously in regard to it, or its admirably conducted organ the Standard, and sought to divert aid from its treasury, and patronage from the paper. Suddenly, as the "old guard" are retiring in the full belief that the Society has consummated the great object for which it was organized—the abolition of slavery—these new-fledged converts (!) are profoundly impressed with the vast importance of prolonging its existence! Thus, the Commonwealth, of last week, shows its deep concern about it as follows:—

"KEEP THE GUN POINTED! We confess a deep regret at the prospective disorganization of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and its subordinate and affiliated associations. Though never 'in line,' politically, with their management or operations, we nevertheless have been unmindful of their great usefulness, not only as giving names and support to numerous speakers, whose paramount duty it was to enlighten the public upon the evils and atrocities of slavery, but as furnishing the palpable fact that so long as the national dignity continued, a vigorous body of reformers, thoroughly marshalled, equipped and led, would be ever on the alert to denounce and expose the organization in its new phase of American life, and bid it God-speed in its new and hallowed mission. Surely, the Society can be put to far better use than to allow its history alone to become an incentive to newer and equally imperative advances. As co-workers in the great cause of political and social freedom, we feel that not an instrumentally can now be spared that were of service, and least of all the American Anti-Slavery Society. Keep the standard flying—ring out the bugle-note—on to a new career! and abate no effort till the final victory!"

"I have been thinking of the source whence this comes, we must say that this is the most remarkable exhibition of solicitude and 'sorrow' we have seen for a long time! And we must add, further, that the Commonwealth is not qualified to give any advice to the American Anti-Slavery Society, or to its Executive Committee, in a case of this kind. It has proved itself too unfair, too unjust, too factious in its course, especially for the past year, to deserve to be listened to for a moment by the members of the Society concerning its operations. There is something ulterior about its assumed anxiety at this juncture. 'Call it the American Suffrage Society.' That yields the whole point. Let those who choose form an association for the extension of suffrage, but let not the American Anti-Slavery Society be moulded to any such shape. If a majority of its members shall elect, at its annual meeting next week, to continue it, we shall leave them to manage its affairs as they may think best, trusting nothing will be done in a partisan or divisive spirit.

Here is what the Anglo-African—a paper which has never shown any disposition to cooperate with the American Anti-Slavery Society, and which has found pleasure in misrepresenting and abusing both the Standard and Liberator—says in reference to the same matter:—

"We can excuse Sherman and Grant, to some extent, for using some degree of magnanimity towards these rebels; they did not understand what wretches they were dealing; but we cannot excuse Gerrit Smith who knows them well; least of all can we excuse William Lloyd Garrison and Oliver Johnson, who, after twenty-five or thirty years of industry in this cause, knowing their cruelty, their power of recuperation and their instincts of revenge, would hand over to their tender mercies the half-emancipated negro, on the plea that their own duties to the cause of Anti-Slavery ceased with the abolition of chattel slavery. Let it be understood, however, that we do not quarrel with their giving up. They are the best judges of their ability to do good to the cause of freedom. If they feel that their power in such direction is exhausted, we rather admire the frankness which opens up, and retires from the field. We were of this opinion some two years ago, and recorded it in Frederick Douglass's Paper; which, perhaps, brother Oliver Johnson may remember. We said, 'they had done their work as iconoclasts, and were not of any worth in the labor of reconstruction.' All that we now find fault with is the reason they give when they assume that labor to be accomplished, when it is only half done, according to the Constitution of the American Anti-Slavery Society, as it is well shown by Wendell Phillips in last week's Standard. And we trust we may be forgiven for saying, that it is an unfortunate coincidence that they have made this discovery that their work is done, at the very moment that they also find that it is no longer pays."

The low fling contained in the closing sentence of this extract is characteristic of the manners and breeding of its author, Dr. J. McCune Smith. We only notice it as illustrating the enmities of certain outsiders, who are impudently assuming to thrust their advice upon a Society from which they stand aloof. Both the Commonwealth and the Anglo-African find it their purpose to represent those who believe that the Society may now with dignity and propriety dissolve, as disposed to withdraw from all effort to place the colored population on a level with the white, in regard to their political rights. The imputation is a base one, and undeserving of serious refutation.

RETRIBUTION.

The way of the transgressor is hard. J. Wilkes Booth must have found it so. Even from so much as is now known, it fully appears that from his commission of the murder to the edge of his earthly life, not a moment was free from physical suffering and torturing anxiety.

The assassin dropped a spur on the stage of Ford's Theatre immediately after firing the fatal shot. This spur helped to identify the murderer, being recognized at the stable where Booth had hired his horse. But how came the spur to be dropped?

The murderer's accomplice, Harold, declares that it caught (another singular coincidence) in the U. S. flag which festooned the President's box, when Booth jumped from the box on to the stage, and tripping him up, occasioned that fracture of the leg which led to his capture. What must have been the agonies of that ride at full speed for life, every step causing the splinters of the fractured bone to lacerate the surrounding flesh!

This beginning of retribution changed the line of flight at first intended. The fugitives were obliged to go to the house of Dr. Mudge, near Port Tobacco, in Charles Co., Maryland, to have the broken leg attended to. Thence they went (Booth on crutches) to a neighboring swamp, where they lay concealed for several days, seeing their pursuers pass and repass, and anticipating capture every hour. The amount of their alarm may be estimated by the fact that they paid \$300 to be ferried across the Potomac by a negro in an old cow. This black man, too, was one of the instruments in identifying and capturing them.

After this, they fell in with a small party of rebels, (one of them a captain, afterwards arrested,) who helped them to cross the Rappahannock. When the pursuers arrived at this point, the ferryman revealed to them the haunt of the rebel captain, and he led them to the murderer's last hiding-place, the house of John and William Garrett, between Fort Royal and Bowling Green, in Caroline Co., Virginia.

The clothes of these fugitives were so stained with mud and dust by the necessary conditions of their vagabond life as to be mistaken for the gray of the Confederate uniform, though really of a different fabric and color. Their appearance was truly wretched. Booth was still on crutches, and his wound must have been constantly growing worse and more painful.

The Garretts thought the new comers very suspicious looking persons, and tried hard to get rid of them. They judiciously refused large offers of hire for their horses, feeling well-assured that the horses would not come back. It was thought dangerous to have Booth and Harold in the house, and they therefore lived and slept (if under the circumstances they could sleep) in the barn; one of the owners meantime watching lest the horses should be stolen. At last came discovery, and the certainty of seizure. The murderer refusing to surrender, and threatening to sacrifice still more lives, he was shot by one of his pursuers, who aimed, he says, at the shoulder, intending to disable, not to kill him. But, either from inaccurate aim or Corbett's part, or, as he thinks, from Booth's stooping at the moment of the discharge, the ball took place in the back of his head, nearly in the spot where he had shot the President.

This desperate villain had declared his intention not to be taken alive. Here again God arranged his fate otherwise. The shot paralyzed his arms, so that he could not destroy himself, and he lived three hours in great suffering, repeatedly begging those around to kill him. Surely, the way of the transgressor is hard.

Enough is now known of the plan of assassination which was partially accomplished in Washington on the 14th of April, to render it almost certain that its perpetrators, and their accomplices, and their employers, will all be detected and brought to justice. Secretary Stanton tells us that he has evidence that the plot was arranged in Canada and approved at Richmond. If evidence really exists that the Confederate Government had commissioned, and intended to reward, these murderers, it will in due time, no doubt, be spread before the world. But if such evidence reveals a distinct complicity of Jeff. Davis in the affair, the immediate announcement of this fact may assist in effecting the capture of that eminent felon. If he has not yet got out of the country, a large reward offered by the Government for his apprehension as an accomplice in the murder of President Lincoln would greatly increase the chances of his capture. And his escape, if he does effect it, will then be made under circumstances which will prevent his favorable reception by men of honor, character and station in foreign countries, even those who may have been led into partisanship in the Confederate cause. If the evidence shall be found really to justify this step, let warrants be prepared at once for the arrest of Jeff. Davis as an accomplice, before the fact, in that assassination which has thrilled the world with horror.

Let him flee (if his escape cannot be prevented) as a fugitive from civil as well as military justice, with the constable as well as the soldier on his track, and with such demonstration of infamy fastened to his name as to make it needful to him to hide that name in obscurity, instead of claiming such credit and consideration as may belong even to a defeated leader.—C. W.

25TH CONGREGATIONAL SOCIETY OF BOSTON.

This Society, which has remained without a Pastor since the death of Theodore Parker, has now chosen Rev. David A. Wasson for its Minister, and he is to be installed on Sunday morning next, the 7th instant, at the Melodeon. Wendell Phillips will assist in the services of installation, and Mr. Wasson will then give his introductory discourse.

The sermon before this Society last Sunday was given by Wendell Phillips, who took for his subject the reasons which made the sustaining of that pulpit peculiarly necessary. Churches generally, he said, are institutions; and institutions, however indispensable, always tend to become nuisances. They are iron dresses for growing children. An institution, a house for an idea, tends to become a dungeon, and, if continued too long, a charnel house. The effort to establish this Society was to establish a spring instead of a reservoir. I consider it to be not an institution but a life. This pulpit has always taught that every man should keep his face turned to the light.

Ten years ago, the churches of this country almost unanimously bore the inscription—No Politics here. But what is Politics? The enactment of justice into law. This pulpit has constantly reminded the community of its duties in this department.

This religious Society has upheld the only unfettered pulpit in this city. It established also the first Lyceum which welcomed to its platform both sexes and all colors. It has modified the whole Lyceum system in this country. It has taught the people to think for themselves. But the Lyceum is intellectual only, not religious; and in its Sunday services this Society has done its part to teach the people true religion.

It is hard to lift this country from the despondism of popular opinion; but let us not despair. Even the churches will yet come out of their darkness.—C. W.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The Annual New England Anti-Slavery Convention will be held in Boston, at the MELODEON, on Wednesday, May 31st, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Questions of great importance and interest, in relation to the final Abolition of Slavery in the United States, will doubtless come before the Convention. All the old members of it, and all persons interested, are invited to attend. By order of the Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, EDMUND QUINCY, President. R. F. WALLCUT, Secretary. SAM'L MAY, Jr., Treasurer.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF THE PRESIDENT, IN CONCORD, APRIL 27, 1865.

BY R. W. EMBESON.

We meet under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civil society, as the fearful tidings travel over seas, over land, from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused so much pain to mankind as this has caused, or will cause on its announcement; and this, not so much because nations are by modern arts brought so closely together, as because of the mysterious hopes and fears which, in the present day, are connected with the name and institutions of America.

In this country, on Saturday, every one was struck dumb, and saw, at first, only deep below deep, as he meditated on the ghastly blow. And, perhaps, at this hour, when the coffin which contains the dust of the President sets forward on its long march through mourning States, on its way to his home in Illinois, we might well be silent, and suffer the awful voices of the tomb to thunder to us. Yes, but that first despair was brief: the man was not so to be mourned. He was the most active and hopeful of men, and his work had not perished; but acclamations of praise for the task he had accomplished burst out into a song of triumph, which even tears for his death cannot keep down.

The President stood before us a man of the people. He was thoroughly American, had never crossed the sea, had never been spoiled by English insularity or French dissipation; a quiet native, aboriginal man, as an actor from the oak; no spang of foreigners, no frivolous accomplishments, Kentuckian born, working on a farm, a flat-boatman, a captain in the Blackhawk war, a country lawyer, a representative in the rural Legislature of Illinois,—on such modest foundations the broad structure of his fame was laid. How slowly, and yet by happily prepared steps, he came to his place! All of us remember,—it is only a history of five or six years,—the surprise and the disappointment of the country at his first nomination by the Convention at Chicago. Mr. Seward, then in the culmination of his good fame, was the favorite of the Eastern States. And when the new and comparatively unknown name of Lincoln was announced, (notwithstanding the report of the acclamations of that Convention,) we heard the result coldly and sadly. It seemed too rash, on a purely local reputation, to build so grave a trust, in such anxious times; and men naturally talked of the chances in politics as incalculable. But it turned out not to be chance. The profound good opinion which the people of Illinois and the West had conceived of him, and which they had imparted to their colleagues, that they might justify themselves to their constituents at home, was not rash, though they did not begin to know the riches of his worth.

A plain man of the people, an extraordinary fortune attended him. Lord Bacon says, "Manifest virtues procure reputation; occult ones, fortune." He offered no shining qualities at the first encounter; he did not offend by superiority. He had a face and manner which disarmed suspicion, which inspired confidence, which confirmed good-will. He was a man without vices. He had a strong sense of duty, which was very easy for him to obey. Then, he had what farmers call a long head; was excellent in working out the sum for himself; in arguing his case, and convincing you fairly and firmly. Then, it turned out that he was a great worker; had prodigious faculty of performance; worked easily. A good worker is so rare; everybody has some disabling quality. In a host of young men that start together, and promise so many brilliant leaders for the next age, each falls on trial; one by bad health, one by conceit, or by love of pleasure, or lethargy, or an ugly temper,—each has some disqualifying fault that throws him out of the career. But this man was sound to the core, cheerful, persistent, all right for labor, and liked nothing so well.

Then, he had a vast good nature, which made him tolerant and accessible to all; fair-minded, leaning to the claim of the petitioner; affable, and not sensible to the affliction which the innumerable visits paid to him, when President, would have brought to any one else. And this good-nature became a noble beauty, in many a tragic scene which the events of the war brought to him, every one will remember; and with what increasing tenderness he dealt, when a whole race was thrown on his compassion! The poor negro said of him, on an impressive occasion, "Massa Linkum an eberywhere."

Then his broad good-humor, running easily into jocular talk, in which he delighted, and in which he excelled, was a rich gift to this wise man. It enabled him to keep his secret; to meet every kind of man, and every rank in society; to take off the edge of the severest decisions; to mask his own purpose, and sound his companion; and to catch with true instinct the temper of every company he addressed. And, more than all, it is to a man of severe labor, in anxious and exhausting crises, the natural restorative, good as sleep, and is the protection of the over-driven brain against rancor and insanity.

He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries that it is certain they had no reputation at first as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, like Esop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and, on great occasions, what lofty, and more than national, what humane tone! His brief speech at Gettysburg will not easily be surpassed by any other recorded occasion. This, and one other American speech, that of John Brown to the court that tried him, and a part of Kossuth's speech at Birmingham, can only be compared with each other, and with no fourth.

His occupying the chair of State was a triumph of the good sense of mankind, and of the public conscience. This middle-class country had got a middle-class President, at last. Yes, in manners and sympathies, but not in powers, for his powers were superior. This man grew according to the need. His mind grew, so did his comprehension of it. Rarely was man so fitted to the event. In the midst of fears and jealousies, in the babel of counsels and parties, this man wrought incessantly with all his might and all his honesty, laboring to find what the people wanted, and how to obtain that. It cannot be said there is any exaggeration of his worth. If ever a man was fairly tested, he was. There was no lack of resistance, nor of slander, nor of ridicule. The times have allowed no State secrets; the nation has been in such ferment, such multitudes had to be stirred, that no secret could be kept. Every door was ajar, and we know all that befel.

Then, what an occasion was the whirlwind of the war! Here was place for no holiday magistrate, no fair-weather sailor; the new pilot was hurried to the helm in a tornado. In four years,—four years of battle-days,—his endurance, his fertility of resources, his magnanimity, were sorely tried, and never found wanting. There, by his courage, his justice, his even temper, his fertile counsel, his humanity, he stood a heroic figure in the centre of a heroic epoch. He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs; the true representative of his continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty mil-

lions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue.

Adam Smith remarks that the axe, which in Herculaneum's portraits of British kings and worthies is engraved under those who have suffered at the block, adds a certain lofty charm to the picture. And who does not see, even in this tragedy so recent, how the terror and ruin of the massacre are already burning into glory around the victim! Far happier than fate than to have lived to be wished away, to have watched the decay of his own faculties; to have seen,—perhaps, even he,—the proverbial ingratitude of statesmen; to have seen mean men preferred, had he not lived long enough to keep the greatest present that ever man made to his fellow-men,—the practical abolition of slavery! He had seen Tennessee, the practical savior and Maryland emancipator their slaves. He had seen Savannah, Charleston and Richmond surrendered; had seen the main army of the rebellion fly down its arms. He had conquered the public opinion of Canada, England and France. Only Washington can compare with him in fortune.

And what if it should turn out, in the unfolding of the web, that he had reached the term; that the hero deliverer could no longer serve us; that the rebellion had touched its natural conclusion, and that remained to be done required new and unaccounted hands,—a new spirit born out of the ashes of the dead; that Heaven, wishing to show the world a completed benefactor, shall make him serve his country even more by his death than by his life. Nations, like kings, are not good by facility and complaisance. The kindness of kings consists in justice and strength." Easy good-nature has been the dangerous foible of the Republic, and it was necessary that its enemies should outrage it, and drive us to unworldly firmness, to secure the salvation of this country in the next ages.

The ancients believed in a serene and beautiful Genius which ruled in the affairs of nations; which, with a slow but stern justice, carried forward the fortunes of certain chosen houses, weeding out angles, fenders, or offending families, and securing at last the firm prosperity of the favorites of Heaven. It was too narrow a view of the Eternal Nemesis. There is a serene Providence which rules the fate of nations, which makes little account of time, little of one generation or race, makes no account of disasters, conquers alike by what is called victory, thrusts aside every obstacle, crushes every ultimate triumph of the best race by the sacrifice of everything which retards the moral laws of the world. It makes its own instruments, creates the man for the time, trains him in poverty, inspires his genius, and arms him for his task. It has given every race its own talent, and ordains that only that shall which combines perfectly with the virtues of all race endure.

SPEECH OF HON. GEORGE THOMPSON.

Before the Freedmen of Charleston, (S. C.), in Zion Church, April 15, 1865.

Hon. GEORGE THOMPSON, on being introduced, said:

This is a great day for me, as it is a great day for you. You are joyful, and I am joyful. You cry rath-er, you do, my friend. I rejoice because I have remembered you in bonds. As it happened with you when in bonds, I rejoice with you today, being in freedom as I also am free.

This is a jubilee, a spectacle, on which God and the holy angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect look with approval.

This is an assembly that commands the sympathy of all the wise and good throughout the world. I scarcely believe it true that I stand upon a platform or pulpit in the city of Charleston, in the State of South Carolina, having before me the inspiring, magnificent spectacle of between three and four persons who but yesterday were things, to-day are men and women. (Cheers.) It is hard to believe that I am at once in the cradle and the grave of treason, secession and slavery. (Cheers.) But yet I believe it is true: for since I came into your city, I have performed all the functions appertaining to a living, working man: I have walked, talked, ate and drunk.

What shall I say to you now that I am here? To me it has been given to see two great, pure, spiritual, glorious triumphs effected. To me has been given the unspeakable privilege of being a co-laborer with Wilberforce and Clarkson, who led the way in the great struggle for British abolition—the abolition of the infernal slave trade, and its child slavery. To me, also, it has been given to see their triumph, to see them go up to heaven, presenting at the throne of heavenly grace a million of broken manacles, and Africa redeemed from her English spoiler.

Now it is my privilege to be the co-worker and companion in joy of the Wilberforce of America—William Lloyd Garrison. For thirty years and more my best has been with you; with you on the plantation, with you on the auction-block, with you in your unrequited toil, with you in your sufferings, separations, and scourgings; and now I am with you in your freedom. (Cheers.) You are no more slaves of these States, for God created all his children free. A little while ago I could say of my own country, but not of this: "Slaves cannot breathe in England. If their lungs breathe our air, that moment they are free."

Little did I think that on this 15th of April, 1865, I should be able to stand in the centre of the city of Charleston, South Carolina, and say slaves cannot breathe in America. They touch this country's soil, their shackles fall, and they stand redeemed, free forever. (Cheers.)

The excellent member of Congress from Pennsylvania has been talking to you of the future of our rights and its duties will be big. And it is to me a matter of sincere gratification that you have pleading your cause to-day, and pleading it no less earnestly elsewhere and in the high places of your republic, men of that excellent representative State, Pennsylvania.

My counsel to you would be, co-operate with those excellent men. They want not only to make you personally free, your bodies as well as the fruit of them, but they wish that you should be clothed with the privileges and rights of citizenship.

Now, many objections will be urged to the granting of this right, though it is your right according to the very principles upon which the nationality of this country rests. And though those objections may be moved and prejudices conquered, see that by your own conduct you justify all that your friends say to reference to your fitness and capacity not only to exercise those rights but, that power which belongs to citizens of the United States. You are citizens. Yet yesterday you were not even regarded as men. You were human beings of burden; you were bought and two-legged beasts of machines; you were bought and sold like beasts of burden. But you are transformed into men and women, equal to the President of the United States, for he is equal to and no more, and each of you of the male sex is a man, and no less. Every principle upon which equality of government was founded, regards you as equally entitled with Abraham Lincoln himself to exercise the title of citizen of citizenship. Now you have rights and privileges of citizenship. Now you have to be obedient to the laws. And the leading members of Congress are with you. The praying people of the North are with you. You know. They sought you with their prayers while you were yet slaves, while yet secluded. Since Gen. Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Banks have given them permission to traverse the coast and have given them permission to come down to you in soil of this country, they have come appointed to the shape of teachers who have been appointed to minister to your temporal and physical wants, and to prove that the North is awake, and has put on the garments of repentance, trying to make restitution to you in that they saw the anguish of your souls. God has been with you. He has been rising the storm that has shaken this land; he has directed the whirlwind. He has decreed that, ere yet these States are one, ere

The Constitution is established in its former ex-... the slave shall be free, and justice satisfied.

I have for the last fourteen months and more been... the North. But what a revolution...

I left America with the government itself on the... side of slavery a slaveholder in the chair, and slave-

Instead of Andrew Jackson of Tennessee, a slave-... in the chair, I find when the men appointed...

EXPRESSIONS OF THE FREEDMEN. OFFICE SUPT. OF FREEDMEN. HILTON HEAD, S. C., April 22, 1865.

RESOLUTIONS. Adopted at a meeting of the "Council of Administration" at Mitchellville, Hilton Head, S. C., April 21, 1865.

Resolved, That we, the representatives of Mitchellville, look upon the death of the Chief Magistrate of our country as a national calamity, and an irreparable loss beyond the power of words to express.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the family of the lamented dead in this hour of their deep bereavement.

Resolved, That we wear upon our left arm during the remainder of this month.

DEATH OF WILLIAM BUFFUM.

DEAR MR. GARRISON—We reached this city on the day the appalling tidings from Washington were filling the land with consternation and grief.

And now, with the all-wise dispensation of Providence, we were to meet the daughters and their lovely mother in this sudden and great affliction—and to go over with them tenderly the retrospect of the labors and love of the departed of their circle of friends and relatives in the divine cause of human freedom.

William Buffum died on April 13th, after four days' illness with congestion of the lungs. The burial was from Christ Church. And the solemn grandeur of the service was most impressive.

SALLIE HOLLEY.

PROGRESS.

On Monday, May 1st, after considerable discussion, an order was passed in the Board of Aldermen, requesting the Trustees of the Public Library to make the necessary arrangements for opening the Reading-room of that institution to the public from 5 to 10 o'clock, P. M. on Sundays.

Yea—Aldermen Dana, Davies, Denio, Messinger, Nash, Sprague, Tyler—7. Nays—Aldermen Gaffield, Marsh, Porter, Standish—4.

PERSONAL. Joseph and Ruth Dugdale, having completed their religious visit to the Prisons and Penitentiaries in Philadelphia and Trenton, New Jersey, have left Philadelphia for their home in Iowa.

NEVER A DEATH SO MOURNED. Whether reference be had to any nation or to all nations, it may be safely affirmed that never has a death been so mourned as that of Abraham Lincoln.

FIRST GREAT MEETING IN CHARLESTON. During our brief sojourn in Charleston, we had the unspeakable satisfaction of attending three immense gatherings of the freedmen in that city.

WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE WITH FREEDMEN AND REBELS? This is the title of a sermon preached by Rev. H. M. Dexter in Berkeley Street Church, April 23d, and now published at the request of his congregation, by Nichols and Noyes, 117 Washington street.

Hon. Charles Sumner has accepted an invitation from our city authorities to deliver a eulogy on the life and public services of President Lincoln, probably in the Music Hall, Thursday, June 1st.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT. We acknowledge the receipt of twenty dollars from GERRIT SMITH, towards raising a fund for the destitute family of that intrepid and untiring friend of the slave, and of the cause of universal freedom, in whose behalf he laid down his life, the late DANIEL FOSTER.

THE FUNERAL AT WASHINGTON.

One of the most touching sights in the procession was a battalion of scarred and maimed veterans, with bandaged limbs and heads, with an arm or leg gone, hobbling along on crutches.

The procession was almost two hours in passing, given out at the head of it had actually begun to disperse at the Capitol before the rear of the column had passed beyond the Treasury Department.

The remains lay in state at the Capitol until Friday morning, when they proceeded northward. The following is a programme which was arranged for the transportation of the remains of President Lincoln to Springfield, Ill., which has thus far been carried out.

THE SPIRIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. We recall now with fearful interest, says the Anti-Slavery Standard, the characteristic speech made by Abraham Lincoln to his friends on the night of his death.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE WITH BOOTH'S BODY? This question will, in all probability, be as great a secret hereafter as that concerning who was the executor of Charles I. of England.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. The Raleigh Standard, the publication of which is continued under the old proprietors, with the approval of the Federal authorities, says:

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ASSASSINATION. The following appeared in the advertising columns of the Selma, Alabama, Dispatch, and evinces the same spirit that animated the conspirators who plotted the assassination of the President.

WASHINGTON, 20th. The post mortem examination of Booth's body showed that the ball did not touch the brain, but striking the spinal column produced immediate paralysis.

WASHINGTON, May 1. A report telegraphed hence that Senator Sumner was shot at one night last week was untrue, but was doubtless founded on information now in possession of the authorities.

DISCOVERY OF A NEPHEW'S PLOT. Last Monday morning, the brig J. Titus, commanded by Captain Smith, reported that the United States Consul at Bermuda had discovered a plot by which the yellow fever was to be introduced into the city of New York.

REBELS' WEEKLY. For May 6th, contains an excellent likeness of the late President Lincoln at Home, and also his little son "Tad." The picture is well worth preserving.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 21, 1865. The deepest gloom pervaded the city since the assassination of our beloved President became known on the morning of the 19th inst.

NEW YORK, April 29. By the steamer Fung Shuey we have New Orleans files to the 24 inst. The news of the assassination of President Lincoln was received on the 18th, and instantly spread a pall of gloom and

THE LETTER ABOUT GEN. SHERMAN.

It is said that the Richmond letter to the London Times, dated March 24th, and published in the Times of April 5th, has been made the subject of a cabinet consultation.

Reverting once more to Sherman, I may remark that his long residence in the South has taught him to disdain any intimation of carrying on war on behalf of the "poor degraded states," out of whom Mrs. Stowe has manufactured a melodramatic fame of which the incidents of this war are already making her countrymen ashamed.

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STILL BENT ON KEEPING UP DISUNION.

In the interest of its defeated party, the N. Y. World is plausibly and with some ability endeavoring to make capital out of the South. It advises the rebels to submit at once, call the State Legislatures together, repeat the assurances of acquiescence made to members of the next Congress, and thus, uniting with their Northern political friends, thwart what it assumed to be the subjugating purposes of President Lincoln, and obtain control of the nation.

INFAMOUS. Last Friday, when the superintendents and students of the Wilberforce University, at Tawata Springs, Greene county, were absent at Xenia, Ohio, the end of the rebellion States should be maintained in sympathy with the rebellion set fire to the buildings, and they were utterly destroyed.

THE THIRTEENTH YEARLY MEETING OF PROGRESSIVE FRIENDS will be held at Lockwood, (near Hamorton), Chester Co., Pa., commencing at 3 o'clock, A. M., on Fifth day, (Thursday), the 8th of Sixth month, (June), 1865, and continuing, probably, three days.

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